

IDAHO LOGGING SAFETY NEWS



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HAVING A BAD DAY

By Cliff Osborne

The hoister and I met at the shop at 3 a.m. as we always did in the winter when snow was predicted to fall. The temperature had been around zero degrees for the past week so things froze up solid. It would always warm up a little during the day keeping logging at a good steady pace. This particular morning it had warmed up to thirty degrees and snowflakes were coming down as big as pancakes. There was already three or four inches of the lovely, white stuff fresh fallen and it looked like more was coming very fast. We discussed the matter for a few minutes and then decided to call the six trucks and wait a while until

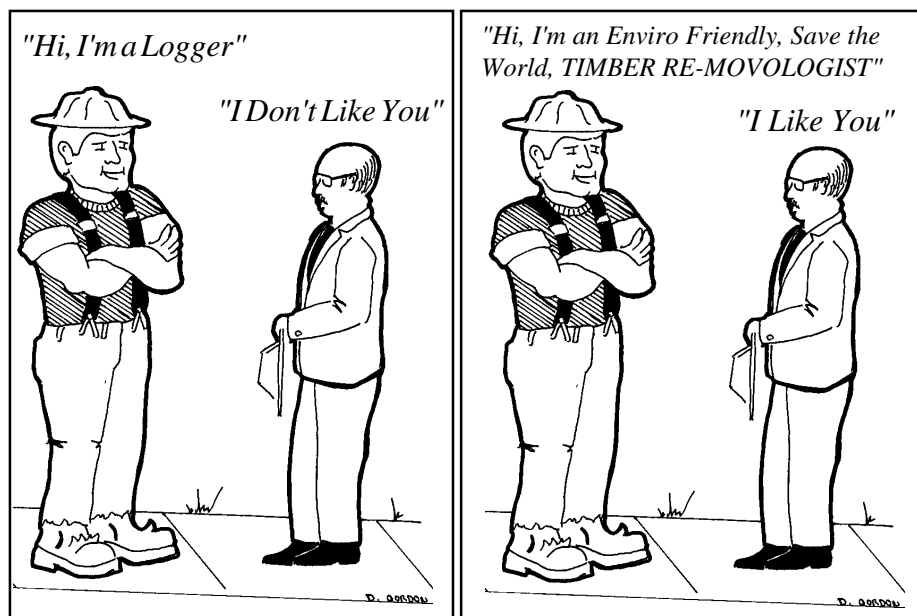
we went into the woods to check things out. Well, two trucks had already left, so we took off and ended up at the landing an hour later. The road was slick and the trucks were running two sets of chains. Jim loaded the first truck and sent him on his way. I thought about getting the grader started in case the snow started to pile up, but there was only a skiff and not enough to plow. The second truck was getting loaded when truck number one radioed back and said his trailer had slid off the road and he was going to need a skidder to boost him back on the road. The crummy arrived so I had one of the rubber tired

skidder operators head out to get truck number one back on the road and I went on ahead. We went down a nasty little hill to a corner at the bottom and found truck number one's trailer slid off in the snow berm but he wasn't off the road. I drove my pickup to where the truck was stuck. There I met old Bill, the driver, and asked him why he hadn't chained the trailer up. He informed me that he didn't have any trailer chains and that he had been driving truck when I was still in diapers. When the skidder arrived, we hooked a choker on one of the logs that was sticking out beyond the reach. The skidder had bells welded on each corner of the blade so we buttoned up a little to the side of the trailer to keep it on the road. Away they went—all was well, OK.

Bill was either peeved at me or had a memory lapse because I think he forgot that the skidder was still hooked on behind him. Well, the driver bailed off the skidder and it went off the road taking the trailer and load of logs with it. The truck bunk left the truck with the load but the Kenworth stayed on the edge of the road.

Luckily, no one was hurt or killed, just some bent up iron. The 518 skidder was clear down the hill on its top in the creek. Logs were scattered everywhere on the

LOGGER HUMOR



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These bright yellow, plastic road signs with black lettering have been catching my eye all summer. Potlatch Corp. put these signs up with either the CB channel or half-mile marker on them for use on all of their main roads in the area. They really show up great! THANK YOU!!



I still occasionally drive on to a job where timber is being fell into the road and the road isn't blocked. This can be handled simply and in this case, very effectively. GOOD JOB!



*Doug Perry, landing man
for Ernie Carlson*

THIS ONES ON ME

by Galen Hamilton

I know it might seem like we often pick on you loggers by pointing out "mistakes" that are made out in the woods. Well, I guess what goes around, comes around. A few weeks ago I stopped by Ernie Carlson's logging job. I showed up right at lunchtime, so I grabbed my lunch pail and sat down with the crew. When everyone went back to work, I noticed the landing was full of tree lengths. I thought I could help the landing man, Doug Perry, by holding tape.

Doug would buck a couple of trees, look at me kind of funny, then buck a couple more. I wasn't sure if I was doing something wrong or he preferred that I wasn't around. After about seven or eight trees, he started walking my way. I thought, "Oh boy; I'm going to get chewed out for something!" Doug said calmly, "Galen, I know you're the safety guy and all, but here on Carlson's crew we all wear HARD HATS". With my head down, I very embarrassingly went back to the pickup for mine.

Ernie and his crew take this logging safety stuff to heart, and they will definitely inform you about it, whoever you are!

GOOD JOB GUYS.

WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING

By David Kludt

Hopefully by the time you receive this letter you will all be ready to start your winter strips. With what could be termed a very slow fall in most areas we are finally ready for winter logging. With the market still stagnate and many of you curtailed or shut down much of this quarter, we're ready for something to happen. I'm not talking about accidents either, just work. As with the rest of the year, accidents, and especially serious accidents, have remained minimal throughout the year.

Believe it or not as you prepare for winter logging, we are preparing for the training to come next spring. That's right! It won't be long before we will be getting ready for our annual trek across the state. We certainly appreciate the help from many loggers as we updated our first aid videos on logging jobs and as usual we continue to find hidden acting talent in every corner of the state.

If you're wondering about the accredited or pro-logger program, it sounds like the training is and will continue into next year. There have been some LEAP classes going on this fall and there will be quite a few next spring for those of you that missed out. There will be a schedule of classes for next spring in our February newsletter.

It seems that every year a new type of machine is developed to increase the speed and accuracy of manufacturing timber. At first we thought this would really cut down on accidents, but then the "slips and falls" started replacing the other types of accidents. It's kind of like recounting votes—at first it seems like a good idea, but the longer you go the slicker it gets. Have a good, safe winter.



A C C I D E N T

Here's the final result when the guy lines fail on a line machine. In this case, there were three guy lines. The skyline was out about 1500 feet and the crew was trying to get a large log near the bottom of the strip to break loose. The hooker, thinking that the log was about to release, gave the go ahead. The one side guy broke and the operator immediately released the skyline. This caused the boom to swing towards the inside bank slacking the other two guy lines. With pressure still on the skyline, the boom then snapped to the outside causing the other two guy lines to break. That's all she wrote. The machine ended up on its side with the operator still in the cab. Luckily the cab didn't land on a log or stump so the operator received only some minor cuts and bruises. The bad news was that with the motor and transmission running upside down plus damage to the boom, the machine was totaled.

Obviously something was not quite right here although the guy line cables appeared to be in good shape. It was hard to tell if the three guy lines were in the exact right place but with limited stumps to hook to there might have been no other choice.



OUTSMART THE SCUM

Vandalism has become a serious and increasing problem throughout the state for logging companies. We all wish we had a few minutes with the people responsible for this, just to "discuss" things. Unfortunately, most of this ridiculous nonsense is done on weekends or at night when no one is around.

One completely fed up logging company came up with a very original idea. Now I am not saying this is full proof, but since the signs were put up, NO problems have occurred. Since the scum responsible for this needless destruction of loggers' private property are obviously ignorant, maybe ideas like this will work.

MIKE BURRELL LOGGING

This is Mike Burrell Logging out of Orofino. Mike and his crew have all been working in the woods for about 25 years. With this much experience I really don't have to do much safety talk. They know the importance and what it takes to get the job done. Mike has been running his own outfit for the past five years and is currently making cedar poles for McFarland Cascade Pole Co. in Kooskia.



Jerry Girard, skidder operator; Mike Burrell, owner of this outfit runs the loader and bucks on the landing



Dale McIntosh, faller

A C C I D E N T

An experienced logger hurt his leg while stepping off a tree he had limbed. This was a simple thing this logger had done approximately a million times before. It was one of those deals when the ground was supposed to be a certain level, but the brush covered a fairly deep hole. When his foot finally reached the ground there was a loud "pop" from around his knee.

BAD DAY - Page 1

hillside and the trailer was lying amongst it all. I got on the big radio and turned the rest of the trucks around. I was about to tell Jim and truck number two to hold off until we got some dirt on the slick hill when we heard this noise, truck number two was coming off the hill. We got in my pickup and with luck he got around us. This driver went off in the same place Bill did and his truck wasn't clear off the road either. I got a hold of Jim, the hoister, and told him to bring the D-6 but to be careful because it didn't have ice cleats. I suggested it would be safer for him to stay in the ditch for the trip. We were only about a mile from the landing so I didn't think he would be very long. I have my pickup equipped with real good studded tires so when he didn't show up we went looking for him. When we arrived, the D-6 was off the road and Jim was standing there white as a ghost. He explained how he didn't want to run over a culvert head and when he got out on the road the cat immediately shot sideways like a lead sled, went over the bank, and ended up on its side. We all decided we had enough and we should just go to town. It was starting to Chinook anyway. So, we all got loaded up in my

pickup and headed back to the landing to tell the rest of the crew.

About that time we came across the rest of the crew in the crummy. Well, they definitely went by us and began to slide down the hill with loggers jumping out on all sides. The crummy goes down the hill and slides just to the side of the road and stops. I walked down the ditch because you couldn't stand up in the road and found only one man left in the crummy. Old Slim, he was in the middle of the front seat holding onto the dash. He said, "I didn't want to jump with this wooden leg so I just rode her out".

We all loaded up and decided to come back on a better day.

Retired Washington logger Melvin Lovedahl who now lives in Kamiah told the above story to me at a hunting camp. As with any story told at hunting camp, the law says they can change slightly with each passing year, if not sooner. However, there are some things about winter logging that never change.

LOGGER DOWN (And it's Cold)

By Galen Hamilton

The leaves are gone, the ground crunches and they have even given up on trying to keep the forest fires burning. It must finally be winter.

Having a workable Emergency Evacuation plan is always a top priority, but with the weather turning colder, it is imperative! An injury that may hardly catch our attention in the summer can quickly become a life-threatening situation this time of the year. The agonizing cold will always be a part of logging, but when a person is injured, the cold can become a killer.

Take two minutes at the lunch fire and go over what you want the crew to do if someone is hurt: Which pickups have the radios, what part of the job will cellular phones call out from, what is the most understandable information that describes your job location and

just who are they supposed to be giving this information to. As the boss of the outfit, make sure the crew knows that they have the right to request a helicopter if the situation dictates. And last but not far from least, the next time you are in town picking up parts, stop and get some wool blankets. I know you get tired of hearing it, but a blanket between the victim and the ground can make the difference.

You loggers have been doing an incredible job handling the few accidents we have had lately. We have had more than one comment from emergency rescue people on the efficiency and professionalism with which logging accidents are dealt with. The cold weather is just a reminder to keep up the good work. As the logger said, "you know, all this preparation and information ain't really that important, until you need it"!

WOMEN IN TIMBER



Martha Nelson

She is the safety person we deal with at Nelson Trucking and Logging in Priest River, Idaho. As with most outfits, women such as these are the "glue" that hold the whole thing together.

Laree and Shirley Anderson from Anderson Logging in Bonners Ferry, Idaho.

These exceptional gals represent a first rate logging company.



A C C I D E N T

A chaser on the landing lost part of his finger when the machine operator raised the lines before he was in the clear. The chaser still had his fingers wrapped around the choker and was in visual sight of the operator. It would appear that there was a lack of proper communication.

Sometimes we try to save a few seconds and then end up losing several hours in down time, physical pain, and medical costs, not to mention, having to work short handed until a crew member can be replaced. **EVERYBODY LOSES!**

Gary Doyle Logging

By Don Hull

Gary Doyle Logging, Bonners Ferry, does contracting all over north Idaho. You might find him north of Bonners Ferry or south of Coeur d'Alene. Wherever you find Gary, as with most loggers, you will be greeted with caution. This is because you have to prove that you really belong in their space. Once they see you are not trying to shut them down, fine them, cut their price or some other bad thing, they'll warm up and you'll see they are a friendly bunch.

Gary is proud to say he has an excellent crew. They are also his friends and he treats them as such. He expects them to work, but he wants them to work safely.

Gary is on the job almost all the time doing one thing or another. The day I was there he was running loader. He was loading his own truck and one of Cliff Irish's trucks. Cliff lives in Sandpoint and hauls quite a bit for Gary.

Because Gary buys most of his own sales, he can deal with any mill he decides on. This way seems to work well for him.

Gary Doyle and his crew are some of the good guys and I'm sure glad they're out there.

*Gary Doyle
making a
point with
Grant Brackus
(USFS Sale
Administrator)*



*Gary Doyle talking to yarder operator
Lanny Moody*



*Skidder operator T.J. Deis and his very
nice 548 John Deere Grapple Skidder*

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FUNKE BROTHERS LOGGING - Hayden Lake Idaho



*Charlie Cutler, truck
driver for Buell*



*Toby Wall, rubber tired
skidder operator*

*L-R Line Crew: Kenny Kurrelmeyer,
hooker; Chuck Donnenwirth, machine
operator; Brian Youngwirth, hooker;
Mike Dirks, hooker*

When you visit a Funke Brothers job, you will just about always find Bob or Dennis Funke there. Bob usually runs the line skidding side and Dennis the cat and skidder side. Once in a while Dennis will line skid with one of their 98-Link Belts.

On this particular day, I visited Bob Funke's job. They are currently line skidding on a State of Idaho sale purchased by Idaho Forest Industries, which was bought out by Stimson Timber.

The crew takes great pride in the fact that they keep their equipment in tip-top shape. This goes for their safety gear too. Presently, they are line skidding with a 30-Bucyrus yarder that has had some conversions done to it. It is a long line machine that has the capability to reach out a couple of thousand feet if needed.

Bob does the loading with a 225 Cat. Any limbs on the logs are taken care of with the Danzco pull through delimber. According to Bob, safety has improved with this unit. You don't have to have a sawyer around close to the loader. The truck driver can stay in the clear and doesn't have to do any knot bumping. Funke's system works well with the narrow roads and limited landing room they encounter.

Bob Funke



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Near Miss

SNAGS — A CONSTANT THREAT

By Don Hull

A young faller in north Idaho tripped a large pine tree down the hill along side a pretty big red fir snag. The snag looked like it was still solid and it bent with the limbs like it was green, but when it rebounded, it broke about half way up and flew back at the cutter. He dropped his saw and ran. The dead tree smashed his saw and took a little hide off his arm.

Remember, when falling around snags, take the extra time to find and get rid of potential hazards. Your families want you to come home every night safe and sound.

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